



VOLUME XVI. No. 19

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 7, 1926

The Most Popular Boy in Town

By Russell Gordon Carter*

"ARE you going to try for it, Peachy?" Edgar Bartlett inquired of his small, blue-eyed brother.

"Should say not!" was the prompt and scornful retort.

Edgar's lips twitched with amusement; he had known exactly what the small boy would say. "Guess it's a good thing, Peachy; you couldn't win the medal anyway. You're about the most unpopular kid in town!"

"I know it," retorted the boy with a sort of grim pride. "Don't want to be popular. Who wants to go around wearin' a hunk o' tin for bein' the most popular kid in Appledale? Not me! Nixie!"

"Don't worry," said Edgar.

Peach turned away and reached for his copy of the *Arabian Nights* Entertainments.

Edgar left the house and walked slowly down toward the river. A grave problem confronted him. He himself was not popular, yet he had decided to win the medal that the *Weekly News* was offering to the "most popular boy in town." Two weeks hence residents of Appledale who wished to do so might fill out the ballots printed in the *News* and deposit them at the office. Edgar frowned. Somehow he must get enough of those votes to win the medal.

Reaching the river, he sat down on the bank to ponder. How could a fellow who wasn't popular win a medal for popularity? Edgar found it a pretty hard nut.

At the end of half an hour of vain attempts at cracking it he looked up, and there were Paul Willard and Wesley Davis approaching.

"Lo, Ed," Paul greeted him.

"Heard the news?" inquired Wesley.

Edgar nodded without showing too much interest.

"Funny thing," Wesley continued; "Paul here has made up his mind to win that medal. But of course he can't, 'cause —"

"Because Wes says he's going to win

it!" added Paul, grinning. "Imagine that, Ed!"

Edgar looked doubtfully from one to the other.

"Oh, we're serious about it," said Paul. "I think we've each got a good chance, don't you? Better than anybody else, anyhow. It's a sort of a race between us two. Who are you goin' to bet on, Ed?"

"Why —" Edgar hesitated. "Why, the fact is I had — well, that is, I had kind of made up my mind to win that medal myself."

"You!"

"Yes, of course." Edgar was indignant.

"You haven't got a chance," said Paul.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Edgar. "I've got a better chance than either of you!"

"Poor boy!" muttered Wesley. "Better drop out, Ed."

"Why don't you drop out — or Paul?" Edgar retorted.

No one would drop out of course; that was unthinkable, for each was sure that the medal had been struck off, tied to a ribbon, and offered for him alone.

"Tell you what we'll do!" Edgar suddenly suggested. "As things stand now some unknown might spring up and surprise us all. Let's make absolutely sure that the medal goes to one of us. Then it'll be just a three-cornered race. And the two who don't win will get a big pile of votes anyway, and that's a consolation."

"Yes, but how can we make sure of all that?" Wesley demanded.

"Easy enough," said Edgar. "Just praise each other up every chance we get. You know, just casual-like."

"Not a bad idea, eh, Paul?" said Wesley.

"Might be worse," Paul admitted.

"All right, let's shake on it," said Edgar.

So that is how the Mutual Admiration Society began. All the boys of Appledale were on their good behavior; folks knew that and understood why. Many were

puzzled, however, at the extreme courtesy and generosity of three of them.

"Have you seen Wesley Davis?" some one would inquire of Edgar.

"No, I haven't," Edgar would reply. "Wesley's an awfully fine fellow, don't you think?"

Or —

"Say, Paul, who do you think's going to win the medal?" some one would ask.

"Don't know, but I can tell you this: there aren't two better fellows in town than Edgar Bartlett and Wesley Davis!"

And so it went day after day. Edgar and Paul and Wesley were each outspoken in his desire to win the medal; each went out of his way to make himself more popular. Yet, true to their agreement, neither Edgar nor Paul nor Wesley ever let go by an opportunity for helping the others.

Young Peach, hearing his brother refer to Paul one day as a "corking good scout," was a bit puzzled; that was hardly like Edgar. Nevertheless, Peach didn't waste much thought on the matter. He was too busy with something more important.

Reading the *Arabian Nights* Entertainments had brought on a crisis in the life of Peach Bartlett. Like so many other small brothers, he was by nature wilful, stubborn, aggressive, and scornful of advice. If anyone had told him that he ought to learn a trade, he would probably have turned up his small nose and replied, "Blah!" But when he read the story of the Three Princes — well, that meant something. "Such are the vicissitudes of the world," the Arab had said to the Sultan, "that you may lose your kingdom and starve, if not able to work in some way for your living."

Thereupon the Sultan learned to make ornamental mats and cushions of cane and reeds. Not long afterwards, disguised as a dervish, he fell into the hands of a villainous citizen who planned to kill him, but the Sultan saved his own life by weaving into a mat characters explaining his plight and sending the mat to the vizier at the palace.

The story had impressed the small boy — so much so that he decided that he too must learn a trade. So after careful re-

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flection young Peach chose the trade of cowboy.

While Edgar was going about town, trying to increase his popularity, his small brother was serving his apprenticeship. Rope in hand, he would go up the river every morning right after breakfast and practice lassoing everything in sight that could be lassoed. Anything at all would serve—stumps, rocks, bushes or fences. Within a few days Peach found no trouble at all in tossing the loop round an object twenty or thirty feet away. Then he began to increase the distance.

Frequently it was a grizzly bear or a wild-eyed steer that he lassoed—or perhaps a sly mountain lion that had crept close to his campfire. One day, Edgar, who was passing along the ridge parallel with the river, happened to spy his brother down near the shore. Peach was kneeling over an assortment of sticks arranged in the shape of a campfire. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and, whirling, seized a coil of rope behind him. Swish! Swish! Swish! went the loop round his head; then out it shot and settled over a stump. The boy drew the rope tight and then, penknife in hand, began stealthily to advance upon the stump. Three yards from it he leaped and struck—once, twice, thrice! Then he kicked the stump, loosened the rope and, coiling it again, returned to his fire.

"Foolish kid!" said Edgar. He didn't know that his small brother had just roped and slain the biggest man-eating tiger in India!

The first week of the great popularity contest ended, and the second week began. Edgar and Paul and Wesley were each even more confident of success than they had been at first—especially Edgar. A number of people had told him they were going to vote for him; a great many more had looked at him on the street in what he was sure was a significant and approving manner.

And then right in the midst of everything came high water—the autumn freshet. On Thursday morning the river had risen three inches. By nightfall it was up fourteen inches—a swift, muddy expanse littered with grass and sticks and branches, all hurrying toward the falls, a quarter of a mile below the town.

Friday morning broke wild and stormy. A northeast, downstream wind slashed the rain into spray and kicked up whitecaps on the mud-brown river. Edgar and Paul and Wesley were in the large crowd of curious onlookers, clad in raincoats and oilskins, who had gathered on the iron bridge at the lower end of the village to "watch the stuff come down." It was an interesting collection indeed—chicken coops, rafts of logs, chairs, whole trees, parts of trees—anything capable of floating that had been lying within reach of the water when it rose.

"What's that coming down?" Paul suddenly demanded of Edgar and Wesley.

"Looks like a rowboat," some one replied.

"Sure, it's a boat," said Paul. "But look, what's that in it?"



Edgar was about to reply, "Looks like a baby!" when the thing changed position, and the spectators saw outlined against the black and white water the sharp head of a young collie dog.

"Oh, what a shame!" a woman cried. "He'll go over the falls sure! Just a young dog, too—almost a puppy! Henry, can't somebody get him?"

Henry Ballantyne, the druggist, thought not. "A man'd be a fool to put out in a boat on that river! Only a dog anyway."

"I don't care if it is only a dog!" the woman said sharply. "Seems to me—"

"Hey!" cried half a dozen voices just then.

"Edgar!" shouted Paul. "Look—look at your brother!"

Edgar, peering through the rain, felt his legs suddenly grow weak under him. Just above a clump of willows a rowboat had shot forth, swinging swiftly downstream as the rower urged it out toward the middle. Edgar stood clutching the ironwork of the bridge; his eyes were fixed on the yellow, rain-plastered hair of his small brother at the oars.

"Boy's a fool!" muttered Henry Ballantyne and rushed from the bridge in the direction of half a dozen boats drawn up on the bank. Several others followed him, but most of the townsfolk remained on the bridge to watch.

Peach was heading for the middle pillar; now and then he glanced over his shoulder at the other boat. The crowd, following his course, moved farther out on the bridge. The rowboat with the dog was only a few hundred yards off now; it looked as if it would pass close to the middle pillar.

"Twixt the second an' third, that's where he'll go through," said a spectator.

Peach plied his oars until he was directly above the third pillar. Then he swung the boat broadside and grasped the gunwales; in one hand he held a coil of

rope—the same rope that had lassoed the biggest man-eating tiger in India. In a few seconds the boat bumped heavily against the stone-work. Peach stepped out on the coping, which was almost covered with water, and stood erect. The boat scraped for a second or two, and then the current carried it on downstream.

Peach was now confronted with something far more serious than roping lions and tigers. He was scared—more scared than he had ever been before in his life. The wind was pressing him hard against the pillar. On either side twigs and grass and branches were rushing past him with nauseating swiftness. If he should lose his hold, his balance—The small boy shut his teeth hard as the roar of the falls filled his ears.

He had loosened the coil of rope and, facing sidewise on the coping, was holding the noose ready to swing. The boat, only about fifty yards off now, was rushing toward the space between the second and third pillars. The dog's head was turned toward the boy, and he was barking piteously.

Peach waited, calculating the strength of the wind and the distance. There would be time for only one cast. He wished the boat would pass a little closer.

The boy waited till it was almost opposite him; then he swung the rope—once around, twice around—swish!

A great shout rose from the crowd on the bridge. The noose had settled well over the head of the dog. Peach pulled it tight. The collie braced himself, then yielding to the increasing pressure round his neck flopped over the side. The boy pulled hand over hand, and the dog came through the water like a dead weight. Peach drew the forepaws up on the coping, loosened the rope a little and held him tight.

"Peach! Peach! Don't move!" he heard his brother shouting. "We'll get a rope. Don't move!"

For once in his life the small boy was willing to obey his older brother. For ten minutes he waited there, shivering and talking to the dog. By that time Henry Ballantyne and a dozen others arrived with a rope. They made a loop in the end and then lowered it with a stone attached.

A few minutes later young Peach, clutching the collie, was hauled up and lifted through the ironwork of the bridge.

"Foolish kid!" cried Edgar, throwing both arms round his brother.

"Huh," said Peach. "I guess this is my dog now, 'less somebody claims him!"

Effect always follows cause, though sometimes the cause is hard to find. For example, probably no one in the crowd so much as suspected that the story of the Three Princes, related many thousands of years ago, was responsible for

(Continued on page 114)

Drina's Hustle

(Continued from last week)

"There's a dress that I want to finish so that I can wear it tomorrow — Sunday. Could you spare me a little time for it this afternoon, Drina?"

"Never have any spare time," responded Drina, "but I'll get your dress in somewhere, Lois. Be over some time this afternoon; have to rush back now to my theme."

"Thank you, Drina," replied Lois, and took her departure.

"I s'pose I did send her off pretty sudden," reflected Drina, hurrying upstairs; "but I simply must get this theme out of the way, and then I've got to help Mother with the dinner; then there's the dishes, and some sewing that I must do for myself, and I don't see when I'm going to get time to study my Sunday-school lesson; well, p'raps I can run over it before I go 'round to Lois's; I don't know how long it'll take me on her dress!"

Somewhat oppressed by the thought of her many occupations, Drina dashed off the remainder of her theme — the ending was vague but the style was flowery — hurried through dinner preparations with her thought on the prospective dish-washing, and through the dish-washing only to fret herself over the time that must be taken for her own sewing, — sewing which she finally flung aside with a relieved air.

"That's done, anyway," she congratulated herself; "and maybe there's time to glance over that Sunday-school lesson before I go 'round to Lois's. Shan't have to hurry there, anyway; Lois always takes things pretty much as they come; maybe that's why she hasn't finished her dress."

The Sunday-school lesson glanced through, Drina started off briskly to keep her appointment with Lois.

It was a lovely day, but Drina paid little heed to her surroundings as she hurried along. Crisp, clear air, blue sky and bright sunshine —

"Probably I'll be all of two hours on that dress," ran Drina's reflections; "and when I get home there'll be supper, and the supper dishes to see to, and 'most likely mother'll want me to do some mending, and I ought to read up on that book I've got to tell about in school next week, but I simply must rush that through!" Drina drew a quick breath as she ran up the path to Lois's door.

"Please get right to work, Drina," Lois greeted her, "and hurry all you can. There's lots to do on that dress."

Drina stared at her; it seemed so unlike Lois! "I'll work as fast as I can, Lois," she responded in slightly rebuking tones.

"Well, here's the dress; it isn't more than half done, anyway; and maybe the

waist's going to be a little fussy. It's going to have lots of buttons on it, too."

Drina set to work upon the dress; she had always felt comfortable when doing anything with Lois, for Lois had never hurried; but now —

Lois came over to her after a few minutes. "Haven't you done any more than that, Drina?" she demanded. "I thought you were a fast worker; and there's all those buttons, too! Do hurry!"

"I'm working as fast as I can," pro-



tested Drina, as Lois turned away. Somehow, she didn't like being hurried so, one bit!

It was not long before Lois came hurrying up to her again. "Oh, haven't you finished the seams to that skirt yet, Drina? Here's the buttons for the waist; there's six for each cuff and lots more to go on the back somewhere; do hurry and get them on! Then there's the trimming, too; and the ruching to go in the neck, and —"

"Well, I can't get 'round to everything all at once, Lois!" declared Drina. "I'll see to the waist as soon's I've finished the skirt; no use jumping from one thing to another, you know."

"O Drina, I never thought that you were a slowpoke!" asserted Lois. "Do hurry!"

Drina flung down the skirt and stood up. "I'm going straight home, Lois Kennerby!" she sputtered; "and you can finish your dress, yourself! Do you suppose I'm going to let you drive me like this?"

But Lois never so much as winked. "Don't you like it, Drina?" she inquired in mildest tones.

"Of course I don't!" retorted Drina, indignantly. "And — Why, it isn't a bit like you, Lois!"

"We've known each other for some time, haven't we, Drina?" went on Lois, quietly.

"Why — yes," replied Drina, half puzzled, half vexed.

"And as long as I've known you, Drina, you've always been rushing through one thing to get to the next, and hurrying through that because there was something else ahead. Why should you mind my hurrying you up, when you're always hurrying up yourself?"

Drina gasped and flushed. "But I don't like it, Lois!" she protested. "I know I seem to be in a hurry all the time; but, really, I don't like that, either."

"Then if you don't like to have other people hurry you, and you don't like to hurry, yourself, why do you hurry yourself?" insisted Lois. "You can take your own time, and you have all the time there is. Doesn't the Golden Rule work both ways? Shouldn't you do unto yourself what you would that others should do unto you?"

"Why — yes," admitted Drina, laughing a little in spite of herself. "I think that I won't go right straight home, after all, Lois; I'll stay and finish that dress in peace and comfort — and you're going to let me take my own time about it, too!"

"Of course I am!" laughed Lois; "and what's more, you're going to stay to tea with me, and we'll have plenty of time to study our Sunday-school lesson together; maybe you've studied it already, though."

"O Lois, I haven't!" admitted Drina. "I felt so rushed that I only glanced through it; that was all. Now that I've stopped feeling rushed, I can go over it with you and really try to understand what it means. Let me see; what is the Golden Text?"

"He that believeth shall not make haste," replied Lois, smiling.

"Well," observed Drina, "if you'll excuse a little slang, Lois, that is one on me!"

Marjorie plays a joke on her twin brother. See next week's Twins' Letter to their twin cousins.

THE BEACON

W. FORBES ROBERTSON, ACTING EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Do It Right

Did you ever go along the street and meet some one whose face was dirty and whose clothes were spotted and who shuffled along, instead of walking? The trouble with such a person is that he (or she) has not learned to do things—even dress himself—right, and you'd be surprised how many people in the world are just like that—people who are so lazy that the least they can do is the most they want to do. The funny part of it is, that very often it is almost as hard, if not just as hard, to do things carelessly as it is to do things thoroughly. Remember that those who do things carelessly never get any real enjoyment out of life, whether they admit it or not, down in their hearts they know that they are failures. On the other hand, the boy or girl, man or woman, who does things thoroughly gets real pleasure from his work and knows that sooner or later he will succeed.

THE EDITOR.

The Twins' Parents Try Skating

OUR ATTIC,
February 1, 1926.

Dear Charles and Marjorie:

I can hardly write this letter I'm laughing so hard, because all winter Mother and Dad have been telling what wonderful skaters they used to be, and meaning (although they didn't actually say so) that they were the pride of the village, twenty years ago. Well, Paul and I have been thinking that they weren't such good skaters as they remembered they were, so we thought we'd have some fun and get them down to the pond skating and we'd stand on the bank and watch them. Well, they had one excuse after another for not going down. First, Dad was always too tired, and then he couldn't find any skates, and Mother didn't have any, either. We were afraid the ice would be all gone, before we got them down there. Well, last Tuesday when I was around the house, not doing much of anything, I saw a pair of Mother's old high shoes, and as they didn't look much larger than mine, I tried my skates on them—and they fitted perfectly. Then the next thing was to get a pair for Dad. Well, Paul and I thought a long time and finally we thought of Mr. Smith who skates a lot and who is just going down South, so we went and asked him, and he laughed, and gave us the skates. Dad came home early last Saturday afternoon, and said to Mother, "I'd like

to do something this afternoon; what do you say?" Well, Paul and I jumped up and down and said, "Oh, it's lovely skating down at the pond, why don't you both go down?" They both said together just as if it were one person, "We haven't any skates." Paul and I yelled, "Oh, yes, you have." Then we raced and got them. Well, Dad and Mother didn't seem overjoyed, but they went down to the pond, and finally, after Dad got Mother's skates on wrong and had to take them off and put them on again, they started off—off their feet, I mean, because they hadn't taken two strokes before they almost cracked the ice, they fell down so hard! They tried it several more times, but they didn't get along very well. Paul and I stood on the bank and cried, we laughed so hard. All that I can say is that Dad and Mother may have been good skaters twenty years ago, but you must be able to forget an awful lot in twenty years.

Your loving cousins,

HARRIET AND PAUL.

Blue Star

BY LEONARD BRONNER, JR.

Oh, little blue star
Up in the sky,
What are you winking for?
Why, oh why
Do you wink and blink
Through the winter night?
And are you blue,
Or are you white?

Oh, how you twinkle
And how you glow;
And every blink
(And you do blink so)
Was blinked by you
Long, long ago.

It may be one hundred
Or two hundred years
Before the light
Of your blink appears;
And the boy you winked at—
Just for fun—
Why, the wink arrived
For his great-grandson.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.



THE BOOKSHELF

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Read how Alvera's music teacher helped her to square her ideals with her grandfather's street music. One pities the little girl and her grandfather—theirs is a very real trouble. But the little girl's teacher, whom she so devotedly loves and for whom she longs to do some courageous act to show her devotion, said simply, "I suppose it is as hard for me to put myself in your place, as it is for you to put yourself in your grandfather's, but I hope—I hope that even if my grandfather were an organ grinder, I would have the courage to let him live his own life."

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The Most Popular Boy in Town

(Continued from page 112)

Peach Bartlett's act that saved the life of a fine collie. On the other hand, when the result of the voting was announced at the *News* office on Saturday night, the reason for the choice was clear.

"Any kid that'd do what Peach Bartlett did," declared Henry Ballantyne, "deserves a medal, I'll say. Edgar, you ought to be proud of your brother!"

"I—I guess I am," said Edgar.

Theseus, the Boy Who Never Gave Up Trying

By Alice Wetherell

IN the country we call "Greece," there lived in olden days a lad named Theseus. Now, Theseus was a clever boy, and a handsome boy. But, best of all, he was a persistent boy. He never gave up trying to do a thing because it was hard to do.

"Sha'n't I ever see my father, the King?" he asked his mother, as they sat beside a huge, moss-covered stone.

Theseus and his mother often walked to the top of this high mountain where they

ered rock beside his mother. With all his strength he could not budge it.

"I don't think a big man could move that stone," said little Theseus.

"You may not see your father until you are able to lift that stone," said his mother.

Now Theseus decided then and there that he must do his very best to train himself to lift that stone. He must get his muscles strong and lift the stone, so that he could go and see his father, who

again. And he never gave up trying as hard as he knew how to make himself a sturdy boy so that he might lift that stone.

So the months went by, and so the years,—training, training every day. At last one day, as they were sitting on the mountain, Theseus said,—

"Mother, I *must* do it today."

"Do what?" asked his mother, although she knew quite well just what he meant.

Theseus went to the moss-covered rock, and with a mighty effort lifted it in both his arms, and placed it at one side.

"The time has come," said Theseus' mother. "Bring me what lies underneath."

The boy was already examining the glittering object he had found beneath the rock.

"Your father's gilt sword. You must take it to him."

"And his sandals?" asked Theseus, holding up a pair of gorgeous sandals, fit only for king or prince.

It was an excited boy who started off that day to walk to Athens. He had many hard adventures on the way. But to a lad who had learned that he should never give up trying, these adventures were not unwelcome. And when he got to Athens and met his father, the great King, he quite forgot the journey had been hard.



now sat talking. There was a temple nearby, where they went to worship, and a beautiful wood in front of the temple, where they stopped and rested.

"Yes, dear, you will see your father, certainly. But you will have to wait until you grow a little stronger."

"I'm strong enough now," said little Theseus. For he could not remember ever having seen his father, and his mother's stories of him made the little lad want to see him very badly.

"Very well," said Theseus' mother. "See if you are strong enough to lift that stone."

Theseus jumped up eagerly, and rushed with all his might at the huge moss-cov-

ered rock beside his mother. With all his strength he could not budge it.

Little Greek boys, in those far-off days, had very different ways of making themselves strong from those we use to-day. They learned to wrestle and to box. They threw round discs which we call "quoits." When they grew older, they rode horses, very often horses that were spirited.

Theseus tried all these with a determined will. Then when he went to the wood on the mountain top, he would try to lift the stone again. Always it was the same. The stone he could not budge.

"I must see my father. I must get stronger first," he always said to his mother, as they walked down the hill

The Sandman

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

The Sandman is a character

I simply *long* to see;

But when it's dark and lamps are lit

He always dodges me;

And daytimes, when I'm wide awake,

He always seems to hide!

I never yet have seen him, though

I've tried, and tried, and *tried*!

I think he wears a feather cloak—

A sort of silver hue—

Capped with a hood that hides his face

And keeps off damp and dew;

His back is bowed by two great sacks

Of sand so soft and gray,

That seems to sift in tired eyes

And banish thoughts of play.

I plan each night to catch him, when

The bedtime shadows fall,

And smile to think how I shall see

His gray cloak, bags and all;

But every night, when prayers are said

And into bed I climb,

My eyelids close, and somehow, then,

I never

quite

have

time!



Dear Beacon Club Members: There are ten thousand two hundred members in our Beacon Club, and the number is growing every day. Just think, if these members were placed in a single file, each one two feet behind the other, the line would reach about four miles! We have some new members today. Be sure to write to them! Read the letters from Mary and John Parker, who go nine miles to church!

THE EDITOR.

530 FILLMORE ST.,
GARY, INDIANA.

Dear Editor: May I become a Beacon Club member and have a pin? I go to the Unitarian Church in Hobart, Indiana, and I live in Gary. We are going to have a play at the church. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*.

JOHN PARKER.

530 FILLMORE ST.,
GARY, INDIANA.

Dear Editor: I should like to join The Beacon Club. We do not have a Unitarian Church at Gary so we have to go nine miles to Hobart. My grandmother is the superintendent of the Sunday school. My cousin and brother are also writing a letter so that they may become members of the Club.

Yours sincerely,

MARY ELIZABETH PARKER.

HOBART, IND.

Dear Editor: I should like to join The Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Hobart and I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. My teacher is Mrs. Wood and my superintendent is Mrs. J. J. Wood.

I have a dog and its name is Peggy. I also have a canary whose name is Dick. I live on Kelly Street and have two cousins in Gary, but as there is no Sunday school there, they come over here.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT WOOD.

18 WOODSEDGE ROAD,
WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and should like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am enclosing some hidden trees which I hope you will like.

Yours sincerely,

DONALD WINSLOW FISKE.

Dear Cubs: This week we must award the Story Prize to Aileen Smith for her story on Nature, and the Poetry Prize to Ruth Loring for her nice little poem "Autumn."

NATURE

BY AILEEN SMITH (AGE 10)

THE fall has passed, the leaves lie brown in the hollows, and winter is here. The fruit trees will not bear again until next summer. The birds have gone to the South, for it is cold here and warm there. They will not return to sing their sweetest songs until spring, when the flowers will put on their white, yellow, blue, pink or red dresses. But now the flowers have put on their black or brown or gray jackets ready for the white coverlet of snow which Mother Nature sends. At this season we love to gather around the fire for a story from Grandmother.

AUTUMN

BY RUTH LORING (AGE 13)

In the fall
Dame Season
Dresses the trees
For a ball.

Costumes of gold
Trimmed with purple,
New colors for old
In the Fall.

41 TURKEY SHORE ROAD,
IPSWICH, MASS.

Dear Editor: My sister Mary won the first Club prize, and I want to join The Beacon Club and wear the pin. I am eight years old and I am going to a new school building in the spring. Some time I am going to send a story.

Yours truly,

CHARLES BEALS.

PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I read some of the stories in *The Beacon*. I liked the story of The Giant's Castle. I should like to become a Beacon Club member and wear its pin. I go to the Community Church. I am in the fifth grade in Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Drawbridge.

ELIZABETH MAXWELL.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Hidden Trees

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. Ash. | 6. Willow. |
| 2. Pear. | 7. Peach. |
| 3. Orange. | 8. Cypress. |
| 4. Yew. | 9. Larch. |
| 5. Fir. | 10. Palmetto. |

Twisted Fish

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. pickerel | 11. mackerel |
| 2. shad | 12. trout |
| 3. anchovy | 13. perch |
| 4. bluefish | 14. flounder |
| 5. salmon | 15. cunner |
| 6. herring | 16. halibut |
| 7. turbot | 17. swordfish |
| 8. sardine | 18. haddock |
| 9. striped bass | 19. smelts |
| 10. cod | 20. hornpout |

ENIGMA

Twisted Cities

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Deloot. | 6. Liman. |
| 2. Cervoavun. | 7. Goepheenan. |
| 3. Ikoot. | 8. Bontos. |
| 4. Raspi. | 9. Nekip. |
| 5. Evenag. | 10. Piningew. |

54 GIRTON PLACE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church of Rochester. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Lapp. I like her very much.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and have saved them since the beginning of the fall. I put them together with loose leaf notebook rings and now have quite a magazine.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH WENTWORTH.

BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Editor:—Will you please send me a Beacon Club button? I am already a member; I have been one since I was seven years old. I am now thirteen. I should like to correspond with some girl about my age. I should like to know if any one knows anything about Aunt Allan, of Dundee, Scotland. I have heard anything from her for a long while. I am enclosing a little poem, which I hope will be printed.

Yours truly,

RUTH LORING.